

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Beneath The Surface

With AL MALE

EVEN hard-cased Press people raised their eyebrows recently when they scanned the pages of a highly respectable national daily (controlled by a super-respectable Quaker family) and saw therein the result of investigations, made by two reporters of that paper, on West End immorality.

These two reporters spent practically the whole of one night on the assignment, and their revelations were not entirely new, but they were staggering, to say the least of it.

Main conclusion they drew appeared to be that the worst offenders are not the professional prostitutes, but the young "amateurs" . . . amateurs, mark you, only in so far as they are newcomers, gate-crashing in the new racket, and making big sums of money by it.

The "oldest profession in the world" had its code, one of the main points of which was cleanliness or consequences . . . the newcomers disregard everything, and to them is attributed a large share in the increase of venereal disease . . . an increase which is becoming a source of national anxiety.

One's first observation is that if two ordinary chaps can, in one night, unearth so much evidence, why in Heaven's name can't the highly paid representatives of the Government not only expose it, but crush it?

But there's another side to all this.

Observe that the main culprits are young girls.

Doesn't that savour very much of lack of parental control? Or does it?

You don't mean to tell me that you fellows who have daughters just don't care a damn what happens to them . . . that your wives who bore those daughters and reared them, have lost all interest.

Even admitting that war plays havoc . . . that it tends to give a very much distorted sense of values . . . an idea of the futility of anything decent . . . a feeling of carelessness because of the uncertainty of the future . . . admitting all this and more, would YOU shut your eyes to the path your daughter was sliding down?

And wouldn't you also give your boy a word of advice? Or would you rather see him a victim of his own foolishness . . . a victim of your own damn stupidity and mock-modesty?

Could you hold your head up with pride when the eyes of your own children heaped reproaches on you, and their silence and shame sentenced you to eternal misery and loathing of yourself . . . could you?

No, sirs . . . we can talk until the cows come home . . . we can blame this, that, and the other party, but there's no getting away from the fact that every victim of venereal disease is a mother's son or daughter . . . and the main reason for the "fall" is not that the

advice has been ignored, **BUT THAT IT WAS NEVER GIVEN.**

Some parent or parents dodged their responsibility and threw a healthy life to the spoilers.

The people who think it clever to say, "You have made your bed, you must lie on it," overlook the fact that the bed was made with "bedding" they provided.

And the people who say that the Churches should tackle the problem might do something to see that the Churches have someone to talk the problem over with.

So what? May I quote you part of the letter a young pilot of the R.A.F. left for his son? Listen to this: "Live a clean life, clean in thought, mind, and deed; do nothing to be ashamed of, and look the whole world in the face. Respect all women. It is rarely a woman's fault if she should go wrong. The sin can most times be traced to a man."

You may not think **QUITE** like that . . . maybe you wouldn't write it word for word, but you cannot deny that the advice is sound . . . you cannot deny that, even if only **PART** of it is lived up to by the boy, he won't go far wrong.

Nor can you deny that if we **ALL** made an effort to instil noble ideas into the minds of our children, our children would "Rise to call us Blessed."

There **MAY** be some people in Britain who don't care whether their children may call them Blessed . . . but take the reverse . . . I don't think these people would like to see the day when their children would curse them!

They may not be enthusiastic about telling their children about Jesus . . . maybe they prefer to think, and tell, of modern sacrifice, such as Oates, that Very Gallant Gentleman who walked out into the blizzard on Scott's expedition to the Antarctic. And others, too . . . Very Gallant Gentlemen all!

But these Gallant Gentlemen were doing for their comrades what Jesus did for the world. The same self-sacrifice . . . only on a smaller scale . . . but His was for friends **AND** enemies.

If Britain is to rid herself of V.D. or any other canker, **INDIVIDUALS** will have to do a spot of mental spring-cleaning.

It boils down to that. You can't escape it. Every girl on the street, every victim of V.D., is so because of a lowering of the standard of moral values. We're all in this—parents and children alike.

Get the moral values right and we'll have Homes fit for Heroes . . . where Love rules and the foundations of Youth are deep on the rock of Goodness.

You can't touch pitch and not be defiled, and that goes for us all. Isn't it nice and clean and wholesome to read of Very Gallant Gentlemen? Cheerio and Good Hunting!

When Ormsby Church tolls midnight THE PHANTOM MILL BURNS IN GHOSTLY FIRE

WHEN midnight sounds at Ormsby Church, in Norfolk, on a certain May night every year, the Devil returns to the Mill on the Broads, where once he struck a bargain for a man's soul, and lights a fire that can be seen for miles around.

That is what legend says. And the legend was endorsed, not many years ago, by five eminent men.

One was Sir Beaufort Craig, the physicist, and another was Cameron Lacey, a Fellow of the Royal Society and an eminent seismologist. The others were the Rev. Owen Anwyl Davies, a Doctor of Divinity; Dr. Gordon Beacher, of the Institute of Technology, South Kensington; and Charles Sampson, who afterwards published an account of what happened that night.

The name of the miller they didn't know, but the girl's name was Alyson. According to the story told them at the local pub, Alyson and her father lived—and perished—in their mill about three centuries ago.

The miller was a rich man, and his daughter so beautiful that suitors came long distances to woo her.

One day an esquire arrived all the way from Aberdeen, a suppliant for Alyson's hand.

He had heard tales of the old man's wealth, and before pressing his suit he set about to learn what dowry might be expected and how much cash might come to him on the miller's death.

The miller, on his part, was an excessively greedy man.

Tired of work, he was looking about for a buyer for his mill and a well-to-do partner for his daughter. His pockets were already full, but he wanted them lined.

SATAN SHAKES HANDS.

When the Scot called upon him, he welcomed his visitor outside the mill with a servility and oiliness so extreme that he appeared crazy. In answer to the suitor, the fair

To-day, J. S. Newcombe tells you his first "TRUE GHOST STORY"

Alyson said her father "often took on like that."

Mac took a final look at the miser and picked up his bag.

"Yer daughter's all right," he said, "but damn you for a skinflint—and yer old mill, too!"

In reply to which the enraged miller invoked the Devil.

"And if the Old Man were here now," he yelled, "I'd give him my soul to send you to perdition!"

Apparently the Devil was there. For an old gentleman whom they had not noticed before suddenly stepped forward, shook the miller's hand and said, "That's a bargain." The miller, the Scot and the

girl were thereupon whisked into the mill, which promptly went up in flames.

Legend says further that the conflagration is repeated each 15th of May. It was on this anniversary night that the five men lay in a boat watching the mill.

As they waited, the church clock struck eleven. The world was quiet and asleep.

Midnight struck.

All at once the breeze dropped and expectancy hung upon the air.

Then the watching men saw three human beings creep up the bank from the water. They were making threatening gestures at one another.



Turning and seeing the boat, they hurried away and disappeared into the mill. The windows lit up.

The scientists were puzzled. It seemed incredible that three people could have hidden in the bank quite close to the boat for so long—two and a half hours—without betraying themselves.

From inside the mill came a scream so loud and piercing it must have been heard in the next village. Sir Beaufort made to spring out of the boat, but was held back by his companions.

HEAT OF HELL.

Next they saw a tongue of fire shoot out of the lower window and lick round a sail. The flame spread quickly, and within a few moments the sails became a revolving wheel of fire.

Flames sprang out from other windows. Soon the whole structure was a roaring inferno.

The watchers felt the terrific impact of this heat of hell.

The roof of the mill fell in. Huge beams of wood were hurled into the air. Some dropped into the water, made an explosive noise and sent up columns of smoke.

Not a soul appeared from the villages in any attempt to save the mill.

Then the scream was heard a second time. Again it came from inside the mill, from the heart of the fire. It rang over the land with more than human penetration.

This time the five men leaped on to the bank.

They saw the form of a girl, in a sheet of flame, flung out into space. Another flame, shaped like a devil, dropped from the black sky, wrapped itself round the girl and bore her away out of sight.

Two men—the watchers supposed they were the miller and the suitor—also came leaping in turn from the raging fire and were caught up by flaming devils.

The mill collapsed.

An obnoxious smell of burnt flour and burnt sacking—and of brimstone—choked them and brought tears to their eyes.

It was a long time before danger was past and the five men could creep into their bags and restore themselves with sleep.

In the morning they regarded one another with dismay. Blackened faces, singed eyebrows, hair burnt where the head was uncovered, all told of the night's experience.

After washing in the river, they went ashore to examine the remains of Ormsby Mill.

It is important here to bear in mind the scientific credentials and integrity of the five men.

For they found no sign of a mill. No sign of a fire. Only green grass, fresh and untouched by anything but the morning's dew.

That is the story told by one of the five, Mr. Sampson.

Dismiss it as a dream on an illusion, but how do you account for the scorched and blackened faces of the five men?

A SUNDAY THOUGHT

I expect to pass through this world but once; any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow-creature, let me do it now; let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

Stephen Grellet (1773-1855).

Rubaiyat Of The Depot Ship

By Perce Shun

Dreaming, I lay in my hammock high
And heard a voice outside the Well-Deck cry,
Awake, my Little Ones and face thy doom,
The fuel pumps on the stormy Simoom.

And as the bugle blew, those who stood about
The Deck shouted—"Stand by to leap the
planks
And grasp your Work with humble thanks,
A U-boat's bust her ruddy tanks."

But ere we start, great strength must we
attain,
A spot of Pusser's bread methinks,
Supported by some Soya Links
To take the strain on sinew and on brain.

Torbay to the Templar swears
She does not envy "S" boat curves;
"We've Deck Tubes and a four-inch gun,
Could we but work we'd have much fun."

And after Silence spake
The Severn of a more ungainly make,
"They sneer at me for being all awry.
What! Did the Hand then of the builder
shake?"

Dolfyn said, "Why ne'er a little toy
But comes to me and gives me joy,

Did he who made me so like an orb
Consider what a 'U' boat can absorb?"

Myself when young did eagerly learn
From Fitters and Turners and such like men
About it and about, and e'en I found
That submarines are made quite round.

With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with my pliers and feelers made them
grow,
But all the Harvest reaped, I fear,
Was overtime in sleek Shakespeares.

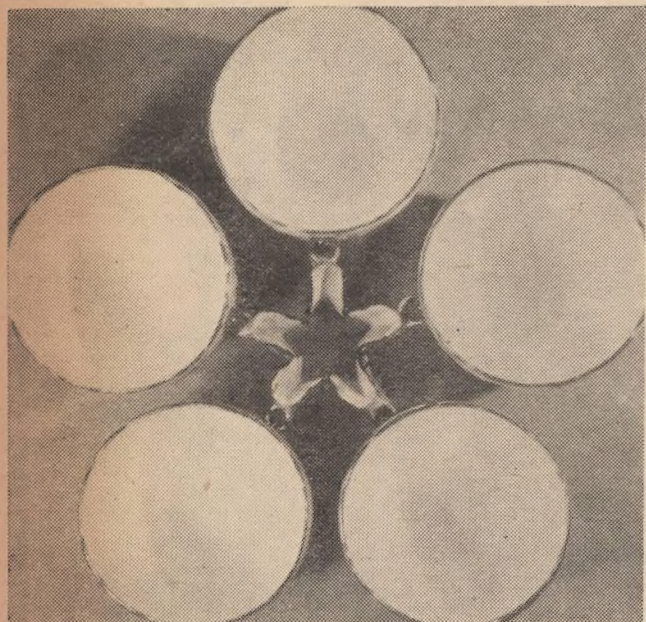
Indeed, the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my Credit in Men's Eye much
wrong;
I have preferred to win the M.B.E.
To sailing on the cruel sea.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?
Vin Rouge and Rosé stole my wits away,
And so I stay to labour yet another day.

And when Thyself with Shining eye shall
seek
Among the boats in Haslar Creek,
And reach the Spot where I did Cope,
Lower away the Periscope.

"PERCE SHUN" is a submariner; he gets One Guinea for this poem. Send us YOUR contributions, jokes, drawings, articles.

SUNDAY FARE



WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's Picture Puzzle. Last week's was an electric light bulb.

DID THIS PROPHET FORESEE OUR WAR—400 YEARS AGO?

MODERN star-gazers look silly, and short-sighted, alongside Nostradamus. Away back in A.D. 1555 he looked ahead—and tried to foretell the full course of history.

Some say he did it! It's all there in black and white in his grand-scale book of prophecies, "The Centuries." The French Revolution of 1792, Napoleon, the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, the War of 1914, and the present one, too.

HIST FOR HITLER.

Naturally, as a Frenchman, he looked most closely into French events, but, for our immediate day, he foresaw Hitler—and even named him. He calls him "Hister," but that's pretty good for a long shot over the centuries, and the champions of Nostradamus point out that spelling was never his strong point.

"Hister," at any rate, was scheduled to lead Germany in invading France in 1940 after feigning friendship for her. "France, by a neglect, shall be assaulted on five sides. Tunis, Algiers shall be moved."

Great destruction was to be caused, Paris would be gained, a million people were to be captured between Bordeaux and Toulouse—a hint of the final sweep through Unoccupied France?—air attack would be made by "huge squadrons of machines that fly."

He made this topical touch about Italy:—

"Naples, Palermo and Sicily shall be inhabited by foreigners. Corsica, Salerno and Sardinia—hunger, plague and war. . . . The pretended union shall not last long, most shall change their opinion; in the fleet people shall be paralysed, then Rome will have a new dictator. . . . Weep, Milan, Lucca, Florence, that thy great Duce mount the chariot of war."

I first copied these phrases from a translation of "The Centuries" in 1941. It is certainly surprising he should make that extraordinary mention of Salerno!

IN A CAGE.

This prophet says that "Hister" will be imprisoned in an

iron cage after seven nations have been invaded.

A German general will desert and ally himself with Russia. To gain his end he will pretend to lead his troops against Russia for the defence of Bohemia (Czecho-Slovakia and Austria).

The mention of Russia itself is another of those amazing statements with which Nostradamus has startled generations.

In his own lifetime he foretold the exact fate of all the children of Catherine de Medici—and also the rise and fall of Napoleon.

"From a common soldier will be made an empire. From a short coat he will go to a long mantle. Valiant in arms, he will be a thorn in the side of church and priests."

And what about this 250-year forecast of Louis XVI and his flight to Varennes: "The night will come to the forest of Rheims. A black monk in grey under the name of Cap will cause tempest, fire, blood and knife."

In actual fact, Louis XVI fled, disguised as a monk, through the forest of Rheims by night, returned to face the guillotine, and was given the name of Capet.

To say the least, it is an astonishing prevision of names and places.

Nostradamus, like most prophets, is apt to be annoyingly obscure about dates and places. But he correctly foresaw the "revolution of the century" for 1792.

He forecast that after "four Saturnian revolutions" France would go against another enemy. This adds up to 1914.

He was right about the Great Fire of London, the British Revolution of 1648, "the Italian fleet wrecked in 1941 in the Mediterranean," Europe at large was "to enter in 1940 a catastrophic period lasting till 1944."

And the old astrologer—who burned his old books of Egyptian lore as soon as he had committed them to memory—is strangely specific about our immediate future.

THIS CHAP WAS LONESOME—SO HE ADOPTED 60 MOTHERS

OLD Mrs. Carey thought herself the happiest woman in the world when she sat down in her porch and fell to thinking of the handsome boy she had legally adopted as a son.

Harry Waitling was the most handsome commercial traveller between San Francisco and Salt Lake City. Every blonde and brunette adored him, but it was to Mrs. Carey he had given his heart—as a son. Not only that. He had taken her away from the worries of her grocery store and installed her in this cosy bungalow in the hills.

Such was the situation when Mrs. Carey, to her amazement, heard the sound of breaking crockery from the kitchen. Another woman was smashing up her cups. "Hold on," she cried, "they're mine!"

"Who are you?" demanded the other woman. "I've come home from a holiday, and I'm clearing up the rubbish in my kitchen!"

"You're not!" cried Mrs. Carey, "it's my kitchen. I'm Harry's mother. I've legally adopted him!"

"So have I!" cried the other woman. Once more the kitchen echoed to the sound of smashing china, but this time it was mingled with screams and thumps, for the two mothers were at one another's throats.

That was how the police found them, after neighbours had run for help, and that was how Harry Waitling's astounding story came to light one September day in 1938.

For he hadn't only accepted

the two mothers. The neighbours told tales of many more silver-haired old ladies who had mothered Harry for a time, and then grown lonesome with the monotony and gone back to their stores.

In a few weeks no fewer than 20 women came forward. They all held deeds of adoption over Harry. They all loved him like a mother, and had been prepared to leave him their fortunes later on.

Sheer boredom—and the fact that Harry was never home—had driven them back to their shops.

Here was a tangled problem, and the authorities were puzzled.

Harry hadn't abducted the mothers, for they were old enough to know their own minds. Nor had he tricked them. They had all promised to leave him their stores when they died, but they hadn't died.

Soon it was discovered that Harry had assumed the responsibilities of a son to sixty women.

Some had never given up their shops, but had continued to await the regular appearance of their "boy" on traveller's days—and, needless to say, they gave him all the orders.

"It was so good for business," pleaded Harry before the judge.

He escaped with a wiggling, and sixty sadder but wiser white-haired ladies formed a women's grocery club, where they could all be less lonesome together.

PETER DAVIS.

ODD CORNER

ACCORDING to Hakluyt's Voyages, Admiral Sir Richard Grenville, hero of the great fight between the "Revenge" and the Spanish fleet, was a very odd character. "He was of so hard a complexion that, as he continued among the Spanish captains while they were at dinner or supper with him, he would carouse three or four glasses of wine, and, in braverie, take the glasses between his teeth and crash them in pieces and swallow them down, so that oftentimes the blood ran out of his mouth, without any harm at all to him."

Oliver Cromwell was another man with a queer sense of humour. From an ancient record we learn that "at the marriage of his daughter to Rich, in November, 1657, the Lord Protector threw about sack-posset among all the ladies to soil their rich clothes, which they took as a favour, and also wet sweetmeats; and pulled off Rich's peruke, and would have thrown it into the fire, but did not; yet he sat upon it."

In 1874, one of the guests at a Court Leet dinner at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, was a ship's captain. He liked the wine they gave him, and as he left, stole what he thought was a case of claret. Once aboard the lugger, he found that his prize contained nothing but a lot of musty old books, and in disgust he threw them overboard. Those books were the town's records, and Yarmouth is possibly the only town without any records prior to 1874.

MOUNTAIN, WOOD AND COUNTRYSIDE

By Fred Kitchen

IT looks cosy in the cow-house in the early morning. Coming in out of the dark, cold outer air, the breath of cows, and the warmth of their bodies, make a pleasant contrast to the men sitting down to milk.

Presently a sparrow wakes up in the roof and gives a sleepy chirp, which sparrows always do soon after the electric light is switched on.

Then one or two of them come hopping about on the cow-house floor, cock their cheeky heads aside at the men seated under the cows, and seem to think it "a bit of all right" for a sparrow to have breakfast by electric light.

washed wall without ever knowing it was there. He tried to get a foothold, and slowly slid down the smooth surface on to the floor, where he reared himself up with a comical look of surprise on his big round face.

The herdsman picked him up, and the milk-lads gathered around for a "close-up" of the visitor. The owl just continued to stare with that comical look of surprise, blinking his big round eyes at the unaccustomed light, and making no effort to escape.

He was a handsome bird, and everyone stroked his soft, downy feathers, as white and soft as lambswool, except for a yellowish tinge on the wings, while the owl just went on blinking, and said nothing.



They have taken possession of the warm cow-house, and refuse to quit until warmer days arrive.

But this morning the sparrows had scarcely opened an eye when there was a mighty fluttering of wings amongst the rafters, like a rush of wind blowing through them.

The men looked up to see what all the stir was about, and there were the sparrows racing backwards and forwards, with the barn owl noiselessly floating in pursuit.

Such a twittering of excitement in the rafters for a few minutes, as the frightened sparrows shot to and fro; then down they all swooped below the electric lights to safety. They swarmed on hay-racks, in mangers, and even on the cows' backs, chirping and twittering at this unwanted visitation.

The owl followed, and, blinded by the dazzling light, bumped into the white-

"If Jesse were 'ere—" began one of the lads.

"Jesse ain't 'ere," interrupted the herdsman, "and what's more, this owl belongs to the barn, so take it back, and let's be gettin' on with the milkin'."

The lad took hold of the bird and carried it off. No sooner had he got out into the darkness when a terrific yell was heard, and he came running back, nursing his bleeding fingers. The owl had snapped, and snapped hard, so soon as ever he regained his eyesight.

Meanwhile the sparrows returned to the roof-trees, the men returned to the morning's milking—and somewhere over the barn an owl screeched.

"Wise owl," commented the herdsman from beneath his cow. "There's a time to spake, and a time when it pays to keep yer mouth shut—an' yon burd knows it."

PUZZLE CORNER

MISSING WORDS

1	E					E
2		E				E
3			E		E	
4				E	E	
5					E	
6				E	E	
7		E				E
8	E					E
9	E					E

Fill in the missing words according to the clues. Here are the clues: 1, Patience. 2, Implying denial. 3, Powerful. 4, Allusion to. 5, Seize (Believe). 6, Immodesty. 7, Harshness. 8, Accused publicly. 9, Excellently.

TWO DOTS IN A ROW

There are several ways in which this interesting little puzzle game can be worked out. Only one answer can be given. How many more can you find?

Place 12 pencil marks on this nest of 36 squares so that there will be two, and only two, on each line, column and diagonal.

He saw a German invasion of Switzerland as well as Italy. He says the Pope will flee from Rome.

The Duce will be stabbed with a dagger in a church. . . . the assassins will be three French soldiers.

In 1944 there is to be a great victory for the French by a "newly risen king" at Poitiers. The clue to the king is his birth in 1894. Revolution, however, does not dislocate Germany until 1947.

MORE WARS.

War between Italy and France is hinted in 1945.

War between Russia and Japan is forecast for between now and 1948. Then comes a period of peace and plenty.

Nostradamus's gaze into the future doesn't end with our own time. His eagle eye foresees in 1999 a terrible leader from the north of Asia who assaults Paris from the sky:—

"The great city will be desolate. Not one of the inhabitants will remain. Walls, temples, virgins will be violated. Multitudes will die by fire. . . ."

Worse is to follow.

In the year 3420 France will become a wilderness, wholesale destruction being created by fire from the sky.

The year 7000, says the seer, will bring the greatest holocaust ever known.

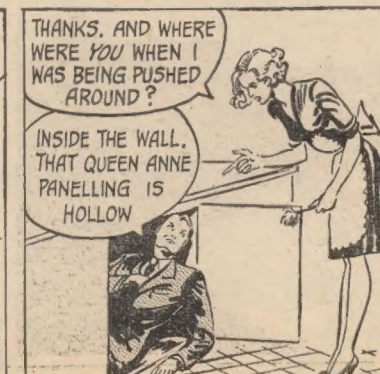
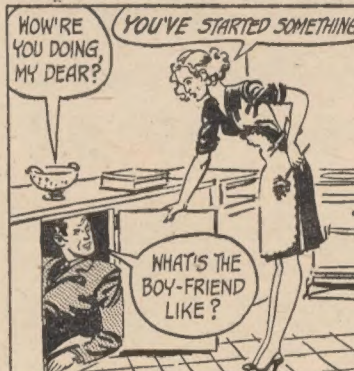
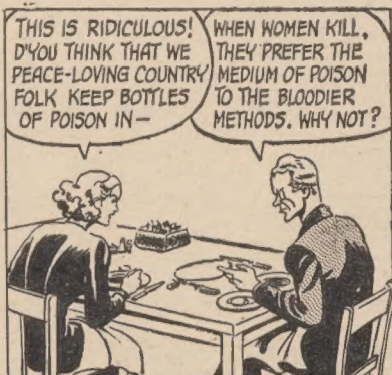
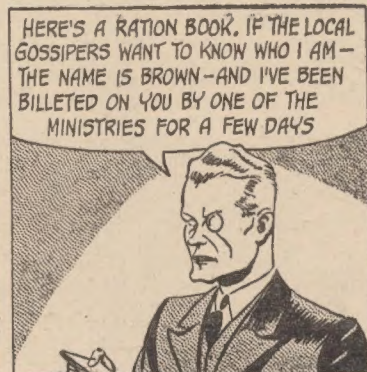
How could he foresee all this? Nostradamus has been a mystery through the centuries. To-day the enigma is stranger than ever.

Answer to Cube and Cubettes in S32.
Eight.

Solution to Word Ladder.

STAMP, stump, slump, slums, slurs, sours, fours, founs, fools, foods, fords, words, wards, bards, bands, BONDS.

BUCK RYAN



MARVEL WITH MILLIER

By W. H. MILLIER

WE like to think that sport is well conducted in our little old island. After all, it is the home of sport. Quite so. But it is not until some outspoken visitor from overseas points out to us that many of the furnishings in the old home need renewal that a few of us wake up to the fact that some of our antiquated ideas could do with a shaking-up.

With our methods of conducting race meetings, many visitors get a shock when they attend a meeting here for the first time. The time-honoured Turf certainly needs a lot of its moss removed.

The Jockey Club, an admirable institution in its way, is concerned with the conduct of racing, but ignores altogether the comfort of the public which so largely supports the sport. The ruling body has hitherto ruled that it is not concerned with the public in any way.

During the temporary cessation of racing at the outbreak of hostilities a number of owners, trainers, and others interested in the welfare of the sport, called a meeting to discuss the need for making racing more attractive. They made a number of proposals and drew up a memorandum, but whether the necessary improvements will be made this side of the next half-century is problematical.

WHY THEY GO?

At last a start has been made to acquaint racegoers with a few of the particulars they wish to know in order that they may carry out the main purpose of their visit to the race-course, namely, to bet.

To the vast majority, most races were a mystery. They had to make various guesses as to which horses on the card were running and which were not. To see the race from any of the outer rings is a pleasure denied to many more than the fortunate few who can actually see the horses.

Small wonder that visitors from abroad marvel at the stolid patience of the sporting proletariat. Many prominent persons from more up-to-date lands have suggested how easily things could be improved. The upstarts! How dare they have the cheek to tell us how to put our house in order! Don't they know that this is the home of sport? More power to them for refusing to share in the doubtful veneration of archaic bodies.

Of course, we can scarcely expect the powers that be to acquiesce in the event of any outsider attempting to run his own race meeting. One such who grossly offended in this direction was that sturdy Australian sportsman of Cockney origin, Sir James Joynton Smith, who died recently in his 90th year.

He was responsible for many innovations and improvements in horse-racing in Australia, and, not unnaturally, was of the opinion that these could with advantage be adopted in the Old Country.

On one of his visits here a few years ago he seriously suggested to the Jockey Club that they should lease Newmarket or Epsom to him in order that he could show them and the public just how a race meeting should be run. I can imagine the sort of reply he must have received; but it would take more than that to freeze him stiff.

Sir James Joynton Smith was a millionaire at that time, and he could say with truth that he had never failed in anything he had undertaken. That is, he never failed until he attempted to move the Jockey Club.

Before becoming a stowaway aboard ship for Australia he was an errand boy at an ironmonger's shop in Hackney Road. He progressed steadily from ship's steward to hotel worker, barman, hotel owner, racehorse owner, racecourse owner, newspaper proprietor, Lord Mayor of Sydney.

One of the greatest showmen in the world of sport was Tex Rickard, who promoted most of the big fights in America for so many years. On more than one occasion he had the idea of paying us a visit to show us his notion of the proper way to promote big sporting events, but he evidently realised in time that there is a world of difference between America and Britain when it comes to a question of venerating ancient institutions.

When discussing his ideas with a friend of mine he sought information concerning our principal sporting events, and was told about the Derby, the Oxford v. Cambridge Boat Race, and so on.

Rickard thought there might be something in the Boat Race. "What sort of 'gate' do they get?" he asked.

When my friend told him that the public saw the race for nothing, Rickard gave up the attempt of trying to understand a people who were all that crazy.

Send your—
Stories, Jokes and Ideas
to the Editor

**Good
Morning**

All communications to be addressed
to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

WELL WORTH THE FIGHT



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Count me in,
chaps!"

